THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Pacific Theo Sem Reading Room

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A Prayer.

O THOU ETERNAL ONE, I need Thee for time. They are always telling me that earth is the robing room in which to prepare for heaven. Rather hast Thou said that heaven is the robing room in which to prepare for earth. It is from within Thy sanctuary that I am armed for the battle of life; it is in meeting my God that I learn to meet my brother. I am not fit for this world till I have seen the other world; I must go up to the mount ere I give laws to the people. It is from behind the veil of eternity that I speak to the things of time. I could not bear the fretting of the shore were it not the sight of the sea. I could not stand the murmur of the crowd were it not for the murmur of the shell. I should sink beneath the burden and the heat of the day unless I were refreshed by the spray from the ocean of Thy love. Roll in, then, thou great sea! Roll in upon the hot sands of time, and lave the thirsty land! Roll in upon the beach, and wash its impurities away! Let us hear the sound of Thy waves, and we shall bear the rumbling of earth's chariot wheels! He who has lain one moment on Thy breast is fit to tread the dusty courts of time.—George Matheson, in "Leaves for Quiet Hours."

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Then reflect that life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone. A life in which nothing happens is not artistic and cannot be made so. One of the wisest and best-known men of this generation says that if a man has abilities and will not use them, he is a scoundrel and ought to be punished.

"If we would receive God's blessings, we must be faithful. He does not trust his good things with the careless and the indifferent."

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, December 1, 1904

IMMORTALITY.

"Shall souls that yearn, that crave eternal life,
That feel the stir within of instincts high,
Deep answering deep through all the mortal strife,
Find naught but disillusion and a lie?

"It cannot be! The Father doth not press
The cup to parched lips to snatch it past,
Beget immortal hopes, and feign to bless,
But scatter promise to the void at last!"

"THE FACE BEYOND THE DOOR."

The caption of this article forms the title of a new book by Coulson Kernahan—one which bids fair to be of great popularity. In the hands of the present writer only a week, it has been read twice and some parts of it a half dozen times. Friends on the train and ferry-boat have been treated to some chapters of it, and straightway have they said that they must possess it. The author wrote some years ago the two little books, "The Child, the Wise Man and the Devil," and "God and the Ant," which together have had a sale of more than four hundred thousand copies. There is good reason for the belief that this volume will exceed in popularity the others. The face beyond the door is the face of Christ and the story, dealing with the great question of human immortality, has to do with a man who, lonely of soul, sought the solitude of his chamber one Christmas night. Loved ones had gone out of his life and there had passed from him his belief in immortality. In vision or in sleep an angel appears to him and tells him that the Christ is heavy of heart because of him and had that day though utterly forgotten by him borne him in special remembrance, and had as a Christmas gift to him decided to grant him that day whatever he might wish. And the man said: "This night as I sat here I held commune with myself and to myself I said 'Were an angel from God, were God himself, to appear before me, bidding me wish the wish of my heart, and it should be granted me, I should ask not riches, nor fortune, nor fame, nor the applause of men, nor the love of women, but only assurance of eternal life.'" Then the angel enters on the task of assuring the man of eternal life. The belief of the man was that though humanity may be and perhaps is immortal—immortal the individual man is not, save only so far as something of him shall survive in the children of his body or brain. In conversation after conversation the angel leads the man up to the desired assurance. At one time from cathedral walls there came to them the chiming of the hymn:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

"Do you know that hymn?" said the angel softly. "It is the very anthem of eternity. Though but two hundred years old as it now stands, it seems ancient as humanity. It is easy to believe that, far back in the morning of the world, when man was first groping after God, was first stretching feeble hands into the dark, if haply somewhere amid the darkness he might find the hand of the unknown, unseen Father—it is easy to believe, I say, even thus early in the history of the race, that the cry of the creature after the Creator would shape itself into some such words as these. It sweeps the whole gamut of the ages. It is as true to you, today, as it was to your fathers, and it was as true to your fathers' fathers, as it was to the far back progenitors from whose loins the race first sprang. And when you have become of no more moment in this world than the specks of dust which are whirled by, on the winds of a winter that is dead and gone,—that hymn will be as true to your children, and to your children's children, as it is to the anxious, timid, yet trusting hearts today. It is more than the anthem of eternity to which I have likened it. It is a pledge and promise of Immortality.

"Whether some atom of the dust of Moses, on whose words the hymn was founded be blown hither and thither on some sandy Palestinian plain, is neither mine nor yours to know, but that the thought which first called the words of the hymn to the lips of Moses is alive today, millions can bear witness. And shall the thought be looked for among the quick, and the Soul that gave birth to that thought be looked for among the dead? As well believe that man, the creature—man who was once but a thought in the mind of God—shall survive to see his Creator perish.'"

In the course of their communion the man told the angel of a friend who had died of a broken heart because his wife was continually besotted and bestialized by drink. But the woman lived on. He had passed her that day, he said, in the streets and had searched in vain for a sign not only of her Divine origin but of womanhood or humanity. And then his thoughts, as he talked on to the angel, were: "It may be that even on earth pain and suffering have some ultimate outcome in good. But out of the bestialization of a soul it is surely impossible even to God that good can

*"The Face Beyond the Door." By Coulson Kernahan. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 3 and 5 West 18th street, New York. May be had of L. H. Cary, 23 Grant avenue, San Francisco; 40 cents net.

come; and that God could bring into the world an immortal soul, most of all a woman, foreknowing that she would sink to such an abyss of degredation,—that God could do this, makes me sometimes feel that rather than believe in such a God, one does God honor by refusing to believe in a God at all."

Then for a time the man was silent; "it semed as if he slept within his sleep." When he awoke his word was that he had seen a vision, that he seemed to have been in a place which seemed less like a place of punishment than of healing for the sick of body and of soul. It was a place where dwelt women whose faces were degraded out of all human likeness by debauchery and drink. They seemed to see this besotted woman, the wife of his friend, and as one looked there grew on her face loathing and horror until at length there came from her lips the cry, "God of Pity, have mercy upon me!" and as she thus cried in agony the man "heard a sound like the thankful sigh of listening angels." When another who looked on her sister's shame cried out in yet greater agony, "God of Pity, have mercy upon her!" then it was that "there came the sudden happy harping of saints in heaven; and she who had so spoken, her face strangely beautiful, passed out of that place," and the man saw her no more. Soon, then, he saw the woman whose life had sent his friend broken-hearted to the grave, winging her way to that same place of repentance.

When again he spoke, it was with the question whether it was all a dream or whether there was beyond the grave some such prison-house as he had visioned. And the answer of the angel was: "The veil which hides the mysteries of the spirit world may not for mortal be withdrawn. May it not be, however, that these things are a parable; and that what you have seen is God's word to you, that you may pause 'ere yet again you say that even to God it is impossible that out of the degradation of God's creature good may come!"

Yet other ways did the angel have in leading the man up to an assurance of eternal life. Once the word to him was: "Would you be content to let your little child, and your tender thought for that child,—all the infinite father-love of your heart,—pass out of your life forever? Yet you stand to your child precisely as God stands to you, with this difference, that the sum of all the father-love, all the mother-love of the world, boundles as that love may be, is not equal to the love of God for any one of his creatures."

In England this little book has attracted widespread attention. Preachers are preaching about it, and it is thought that it will have a large mission to those who may be troubled with doubt as to the doctrines of the Christian religion.

Early in his communion with the angel, this unbeliever in immortality was made to say that if anything could restore his lost faith in immortality, it would be the doctrine of evolution;—the truth of evolution he called it;—for it was to him inconsistent and contradictory to believe that out of one type should evolve another and a higher, and out of that higher type one higher still, and so on and on through countless upward stages and ages—only to hold that death would finally break that continuity by ending all; and so his thought was: "If Evolution be indeed the finger-post of science, it is heavenward and Godward that Evolution's finger points;" and, further, that when our knowledge of the natural world equaled our knowledge of the spiritual world, then would science and religion stand in perfect and beautiful accord.

The face beyond the door! On the cover of the book concerning which we have been writing there is a door partly open; beyond it is to be seen in dim outline the figure of the Christ. Evidently he would enter the room of that lonely man and abide with him; but the man was of those of whom he once said, "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not." Beyond the door of every lonely life, of every sad and depressed soul,—of every neglectful heart,—stands the Christ. And he is heavy of heart because of such. With him there is always a sweet and blessed assurance. When he was here upon the earth it was the great sorrow of his heart that men would not accept the abundant life which he had come to give. That is to his sorrow still; for still he stands waiting before closed or half-closed hearts, ready to sup with them and they with him.

"Oh, what is so sweet as to love Thee
And live with Thee always in sight?
Lord, enter this house of my being
And fill every room with thy light."

The Religious World.

Florence E. Booth states in London papers that hundreds of men and women are compelled to wander nightly in London because they are absolutely homeless. At two o'clock every morning the Salvation Army distributes soup and bread to nearly two thousand of the wanderers.

Mrs. G. R. Alden, of Palo Alto, widely known as "Pansy," conducts a "Quiet Hour" department in the Christian Endeavor World. In the issue for November 17th she quotes from a little book by the Rev. C. R. Brown, and says concerning it: "There is a little book called 'The Main Points,' by the Rev. Charles R. Brown, a Congregational pastor in Oakland, Cal., to which I find myself often turning for helpful thoughts. I want to commend it as a book which may be used profitably during the devotional hour, especially by those who are troubled with any form of religious doubt or perplexity."

Something for which Christian people ought to be especially thankful occurred in Berkeley on Thanksgiving day. On invitation from the rector of the Episcopal church of that city, union Thanksgiving services were held in the Episcopal church. The pastors of the different denominations took part in the services. May it be simply the harbinger of yet better things! The move is one in the right direction. It has not gone far enough yet; but, of course, it will go farther. The Christian churches must come into co-operation and federation if they are to do the work which the times are demanding of them.

An observing, thoughtful New York lawyer asked not long ago the following question: "Which does the greater good, a certain silent or dignified church on Fifth avenue, New York, which spends upwards of fifty thousand dollars a year to have a great preacher talk to a small congregation on Sunday, and to have a Sunday-school open to less than one hundred members, or an un-religious boys' club downtown which, with seventeen thousand dollars a year, gives some

fifteen thousand gamins a place to be clean, and become strong, and learn efficiency, and gain a sense of proportion between the results of right living and wrong living, instead of leaving them to the sordid whirlpool of the streets?" This is a sample of the questions which the churches have facing them for answer in this present age. Every effort should be made to give the highest possible result. Money should be put into the Lord's work with the same good judgment that is exercised, or is sought to be exercised, in business affairs. Is it not so put ? No, it isn't. The waste in one way and another is so great as to be almost appalling.

A recent number of one of the monthly magazines contained an article on "The Business Clergyman," in which was considered what was called the "churches' demand for executive men." Among the very suggestive parts of the article is the following : "A young minister was called a few years ago to a church in a thriving Eastern city. His predecessor had been a well-known preacher, whose sermons had attracted large congregations, but whose expressed belief was that the clergyman's single duty was the spiritual welfare of his people. The church had failed to meet current expenses for several years, and its considerable debt was increasing with mechanical regularity. The only thing that happened in the building on Sundays or week days was talk, while the trades-people clamored for the payment of their bills and the bank demanded its arrears of interest. The newcomer was not a wonderful orator, but he had a firm mouth and jaw. Within two years he was at the head of a smoothly running business organization, whose departments were handled by men who understood their work and did it, which discounted its bills and was reducing its old indebtedness. The church had become a working church." A very desirable condition of affairs, certainly! But the query arises whether there were not some laymen in that church who might have done and should have done all this. The demand there was just as much for executive laymen as it was for an executive minister.

The Christian Endeavor World for October 20th contained a statement which has just come to our notice, and which is well worth repeating widely, showing, as it does, the methods of some of the daily papers in their efforts to be enterprising. We quote it in full: "The Hearst syndicate is again violating its contract with Dr. Clark's agent, who sold his round-the-world articles on the express understanding that they should be published in no Sunday edition of any paper. These articles were sold by this syndicate to various Sunday papers in different parts of the country in express violation of this contract, and now The Sunday Examiner of San Francisco is revamping these old articles, first published in many papers six months ago, with the absurd statement at their head that 'Rev. Francis E. Clark is *now* on a round-the-world tour for the Hearst Sunday newspapers.' It is unnecessary, perhaps, to repeat again, but we do it for the satisfaction of some of our friends who have written to us on the subject, that Dr. Clark never went on an around-the-world tour for the Hearst Sunday newspapers, or any other newspapers, week-day or Sunday. He has now been at home from this journey, made purely in the interests of the Christian Endeavor movement, for more than three months. He did agree to write some articles, to pay in part the expenses of the journey, though he did not know in what papers they would be published, only stipulating that they should not appear in any Sunday paper. We wonder that any respectable syndicate can be so regardless of its plain contract when repeatedly reminded of it. We propose to follow this matter to the end, and brand this piece of bad faith as it deserves."

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN A GREAT HISTORIC CHURCH.

The Brooklyn Eagle says that the series of meetings in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, conducted by Dr. N. D. Hillis and W. J. Dawson, was in every way a success, having been "an inspiration and a great uplift to the Christian community." The meetings were atended by many prominent preachers of different denominations in New York and neighboring cities. Among those present one evening was the Rev. Dr. Wilbur J. Chapman, of the Evangelistic Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. A prominent lawyer of the city of New York is quoted as having said : "It is a rare quality in a preacher which enables him to affect his hearers that they go away wishing they could share what they received with every one whom they love. And that was the effect Mr. Dawson had upon me. From the opening to the closing sentence he commanded and forced my undivided attention. I listened with the keenest intellectual pleasure; and yet it is not to the intellect that these sermons are addressed. It is an appeal to the heart, and the heart responds."

If Mr. Dawson's hearers generally were affected as this lawyer was, it is evident that there will be in the hearts of all more of a disposition to go out after others to bring them to Christ, just as it was in those days when Andrew went out after Simon Peter, Jesus himself after Philip, and Philip after Nathaniel.

A leading editor of New York city said, after hearing Dr. Dawson's sermon on "The Ministry of Night," that he should consider it a misfortune to miss one of them, and he added that it seemed to him that every young man in Brooklyn would feel as he did after hearing the preacher.

It is evident that these sermons did appeal powerfully to young men and to men of all ages, for the attendance on the part of men was unusual. At one of the meetings it is said that one of the striking characteristics was the unusual proportion of men of middle age. And at another meeting it was noticed that there were several pews filled solidly with young men.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis says that Dr. Dawson was at his best one evening in his interpretation of Rosetti's poem, written for Burne-Jones' painting, "Mary Magdalen at the House of Simon, the Pharisee." "When he came to Mary's exclamation, as she saw the Nazarene standing at the window, and cried out, 'Oh, loose me and let me go,' there was a rustle and half gasp that ran over his audience."

What effect these meetings had on persons away from Christ, what effect toward bringing them to an acceptance of him as their Savior, we have not yet learned.

But later, just as we are about to go to press, we learn from one of our Eastern "exchanges" that no formal inquiry meetings were held, but that many people stayed after the services to talk with Drs. Daw-

son and Hillis on religious matters. It is said that the last Sunday evening the names of not less than 150 inquirers were taken and that these and others have been turned over to the different churches.

Among the characteristics of the meetings was the simplicity of the services. There was throughout an entire absence of emotional singing and emotional appeals. Dr. Hillis says that the method "contrasts most strikingly with the methods of the evangelist of yesterday," and adds, " Plainly, the new era has come."

One of the results of the series of evangelistic meetings conducted by Dr. Dawson in his own church in London last year was the creation therein of an evangelistic spirit. Dr. Dawson has said that from that week's mission there dated for himself and his church an entirely new era; that it gave them new light. Accordingly, every Thursday night for a whole year since then, he has had his evangelistic service which has been the instrument of much good. Today, Dr. Dawson says that he rejoices that God has given him "an opportunity of doing in a small way the work of an evangelist;" and as he looks back over the pages of history, he finds that every shining name in the story of the Christian church is the name of an evangelist.

May some such experience as has come to Dr. Dawson come to every preacher! So shall it be for the good of man and the glory of God.

The Bystander.

A Bust in Westminster Abbey.

One day the Bystander stood in the poet's corner in the Abbey, as he often had done before. His attention was arrested by the bust of Henry W. Longfellow. Oft had he passed this beautiful reminder of British appreciation of American men of letters, but on this particular day the bust seemed to be vocal with the music of streams and the song of birds. He saw not the Abbey, but the fields of golden grain, the hunter's camp and the forest, and the long sweep of the Father of Waters. He saw wigwams and Indians and camp-fires.

> "I beheld, too, in that vision
> All the secrets of the future
> Of the distant days that shall be.
> I beheld the westward marches
> Of the unknown crowded nations."

Longfellow was not deep like Emerson nor scholarly like Lowell, nor as versatile as Holmes. He did not touch the political life of his times as Whittier did.

He painted in delicate colors the things he saw, making of them a simple, honest record, without attempting a philosophy of life or the development of a purpose. As a thrush sings, so he wrote, spontaneously, beautifully, sincerely, and—

> "All the many sounds of nature
> Borrow sweetness from his singing."

As a dramatist Longfellow is not regarded as a success. His masterpiece is "Evangeline." Longfellow lacks the passions of hate and scorn. He is more of a Quaker in his temperament than Whittier. He is the singer of peace. There is a lack of originality, but he presents us old thoughts, clothed for the most part in the glorious garments of new world scenery. He has the gift of making the commonplace alive with suggestion. This is the gift of the artists' imagination. He makes a bunch of seaweed, a handful of red sand, a river, a stone wall, a wood white with heavy snow, the themes of great pictures.

Longfellow is the poet of the fireside—the story teller. He does not preach or argue, but simply tells the story.

He harmonizes the German and the English in his imagination, and there is just enough of the old world in his sentiment to save it from provincialism.

Longfellow was broader in having visited Europe. Tennyson would have been broader had he visited America. Life suggests the best poems.

We must not forget that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow belonged to our own New England and that he was reared under "the shadow of Deering's Woods," in the good old town of Portland, Maine, and that he is remembered among the immortals in Westminster Abbey and by the firesides of America, because of the "songs that have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

Evangelism.

The Bystander has been watching with a good deal of interest the evangelistic movement in the Plymouth church, Brooklyn, reports of which have been published in the Brooklyn Eagle. Certainly it is very good in the Eagle to give a page each day to such work. This page has been edited by Dr. Hillis. The Bystander does not know what the Brooklyn people think of such a departure, but this particular department of the Eagle is unique. A sermon has appeared from Dr. Dawson, followed by a short story by the same divine, and then one or two essays on current topics by well-known men. The sermons have been most interesting.

In the opinion of the Bystander, they are more to the point than Campbell Morgan's,—more simple and direct, calculated to rivet the attention of the average outsider.

There are so many evangelists—some make you feel good, others make you feel that you are the worst fellow on earth, while others make the impression that the evangelist alone holds the keys of the kingdom. There is no recognized key-note in the evangelistic choir. Some attract the good, pious people, others the worldling, others neither, just the man who wishes to listen to a good sermon.

A man of this type went to one of John McNeil's meetings. The room was crowded. The usher said: "If you go over to the next street you will be able to get a seat at an overflow meeting, where I am sure you will receive a blessing." "I do not want a blessing," replied the man. "I want to hear John McNeil preach."

The question which thoughtful men in the church might ask: "Where should the emphasis be placed, on the redemption of the world or the recovery of the church?" Most men will probably answer, "On both."

The most remarkable evangelistic work now going on is by Mr. Torrey, in England. It is a notable fact that he receives scant notice in the American press. The Bystander does not sympathize with Torrey's theology, but he does rejoice in his success. Do the American people know that today this man is

succeeding even beyond the success of Moody and Sankey? He is preaching to congregations of 10,000 people. He is moving Liverpool, and will soon begin work in London. Other evangelists receive columns of attention, but little is said of this Chicago man who has quietly slipped around the world, winning people as no man of this decade has done. Religious papers have their likes or dislikes, and are often quite as partisan as the secular press.

Torrey and Alexander have encountered an immense amount of opposition. The clergy of Bradford, Eng., for example, published a book in opposition to his theological tenets, but he bounces away, and the middle classes seem to enjoy his hell-fire and brimstone sermons.

San Francisco has little of the so-called evangelistic spirit. The churches do not respond to such movements. It would be better if they did permit the people to be stirred deeply now and then by the right man.

It is not an indication that we are more ungodly than Oakland, over the bay, where preparations are in progress to receive Dr. Chapman, who has for several years been looking this way. Dr. Chapman has succeeded in more ways than one as an evangelist, and is said to have reaped rich financial harvests from his property interests at Winona. This we must do in San Francisco, viz., move with the tides of religious feelings, and not stand against the strong currents of the religious times.

Another Type.

Still another sort of evangelist is Pastor Wagner, of Paris, whose books on "The Simple Life" were made popular by President Roosevelt's words of praise.

This man preaches the simple, plain life, but has been living a strenuous and rather complex existence at the rate of many miles of travel by day, and $200 or more per night. The simple life in America is easier to write about than it is to practice. Mr. Wagner has practically contradicted many of his theories since coming to this country on a lecture tour. However, his Parisian viewpoint of comfortable simplicity has made good preaching for Americans to hear, but few indeed will heed his common sense.

Evangelists come and go, but we keep right on doing the same things over and over again, learning only from that grim old master in the school of life—experience.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A Delightful Council.

Rev. George E. Atkinson was installed in the pastorate of the Campbell church, Tuesday, November 22nd. The service occupied the sunniest hours of a golden day and was full of gladness. President McLean guided the exercises as moderator for his former pupil, whose wise and thoughtful paper showed the growth a sincere young minister surely makes who loves God and serves men. Rev. W. S. Patchell preached the inspiring sermon. Rev. C. W. Merrill gave a wholesome charge to the pastor. Rev. C. C. Kirtland presented the hearty hand of fellowship. The prayer was by the father of the pastor, whose glad mother was also present to grace the inspiring occasion.

Father Windsor gave an appreciative charge to the people. The bow of this beloved Nestor of our valley churches abides in strength. The greetings at the midday lunch were a real feast of fellowship. The occasion had one peculiarity. The church stipulated that it should not be deemed necessary to call a council if the pastor and people chose to terminate the relation. This the common sense of the moderator allowed, though unusual. About the last thing Aloha would undertake to do would be to urge a ruling on church or pastor. The same liberty which allowed them to suggest such an arrangement would, in his judgment, permit either of them to change their plan for a good reason. Does not Congregational freedom allow the church or pastor to ask advice of sister churches, not because the church and pastor have had a regular council of installation, but because the pastor and people are Christian brethren and by reason of sonship to God have the right to counsel from brethren. The sweet atmosphere of the loving church was full of wide western sanity and heartiness. We believe Pastor Atkinson has come to stay, and his predecessor nobly stays up his hands. Whether Pastors Patchell and Merrill have recognition councils or not, we recognize them as men who have come to the kingdom for such a time as this.

Our Missionary Settlement Not a Poor Farm.

A beloved old minister friend asks if we think we can get old ministers to confess poverty and be willing to come into a house of charity. That depends. Saratoga friends thoroughly understand and profoundly respect the pride and independence of the cultured and scholarly clergy. But missionaries and pastors who will not accept kindnesses from appreciative friends are happily rare.

Moody did not refuse railroad favors, and most of us ministers gratefully accept the clergy rate offered us on conditions that do not hurt our self-respect. We wear no collars. We are not bought nor owned. It did not belittle the president of our missionary settlement, who owns a beautiful little ranche here, to receive special rates for treatment at Clifton Springs. We do not hear any complaint from Auburndale and Oberlin that misisonary families flinch at the moderate prices for board the establishment of these blessed homes permits to our missionary heroes at home on furlough.

Hammond and Coles have a battle for life, and his triumphant death made us feel that the kindnesses we could show him here were more than paid for. If the heroic Ament and the sainted Barnes could receive hospitality for services for a day, why not others for a longer time if the emergencies of the campaign for Christ our King make it needful. There is some Yankee wit here as well as humanity, and a clerical tramp would fare no better than any other fraud.

The Settlement develops slowly, but signs multiply of God's favor on it. If any Christian capitalist or a forceful pastor cares to come and help make the experiment, he will be met with no jealousy or suspicion. The little village, fighting against saloons and for its longed-for place among the clean towns of the State, writes all who want homes where the finest physical conditions prevail, to come and see for themselves.

The Power of a Hand Shake.

President Roosevelt did not time his California visit with as close reference to the blessed Seattle Congress as he might have done. His train passed ours in the night. But Vice-President Fairbanks gave us a chance to see him. Standing very close to him on the courthouse steps where he spoke, I was asked with others to help steady the crowd which surged up to shake hands with him. Just before he stepped into his carriage I said: "Your hand must ache. I'll put my hand on your shoulder and back you." I had thought to save him my grip. In an instant he swung around from the crowd and gave me a most cordial and satisfactory hand-shake. He knows how. I can feel it yet. It did not win a vote, but it warmed it. I doubt not it won others. Roosevelt has been winning mine for years. Fairbanks warmed it. If statesmen can win votes for great causes by wise and warm hand-shakes, shall we not study to win men for Christ by cordial greetings and courteous hand-shakes?

Evangelist Chapman's smile and hand-shakes add to the power of his sermons.

Pastor Brown came down from Oakland and warmed with wise words and cordial hand-shakes the large and ideal annual meeting which our San Jose church held. Three hundred and fifty sat down to the choice and compelling banquet. It was business. Prompt subscriptions were taken up to meet the enlarged expenses of the church and the increased salary cordially voted the pastor. That personal touch of elbows and hands at the crowded tables saved the trustees many miles of travel, many circulars and much postage. That is a wise church which makes its annual meetings the largest and warmest social of the year, and teaches even intermediate Endeavorers that they have a part in the work of the Savior's church.

Pass the Hand-shakes On.

If Oakland First church does wisely in keeping up its noble traditions and loaning its strong pastor to give great gifts where they count much, it is good for every church to be liberal with pastors.

San Jose only received what it is giving in Pastor Patchell's enthusiasm among Endeavorers. It is but following out the great English example of that great hearted Doctor Dawson, whose warm words won the National Council and did much to arouse our churches to keep closer up to our Presbyterian brethren in their evangelistic plans and zeal. What splendid evangelism he has been working with Doctor Hillis in Plymouth church. And we may hope to see the radiant face of Dr. Hillis on our coast. Is there any reason to urge him here from busy Brooklyn, which would not bring Bros. Adams and Rader from San Francisco with the cheering word and loving touch to inspire our country churches. Oh! brethren, Christmas is most here; and nothing will go so close to or deep into the hearts of men as the personal touch, if we will only welcome the touch of Christ on us. If your parish is Paradise, and Purgatory is not far away, carry that which alone can make Purgatory Paradise.

Dear Little Eighty-Three.

Many questions come about the loving little Leghorn hen. She keeps on her useful way—the only hen in the yard wise enough to be gentle,—has this season hatched and mothered a beautiful brood of white Wyandottes now larger than herself. But she is so proud she will not wean them. But, but, but the dearest confiding little hen can only cluck and nestle. There's a kind of birdling that can coo and cuddle. What would life be without them? Merry Christmas!

"LEAVES FOR QUIET HOURS."

By Rev. George Matheson, D.D.

[We give here some excerpts from a new book, entitled "Leaves for Quiet Hours," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D., the famous blind author and preacher, with the hope that the book from which they are taken will be so commended by them as to lead to its entrance into the homes of many of our readers. There are in the book ninety-four articles such as those given here, some of them being of a little more length, making in all a volume of 288 pages. The book, it will be observed, is a devotional one. So excellent are the articles throughout that it was with great difficulty that we could make a selection. Every time one was read would come the thought, this must be used. Finally, the five that are here printed were selected. More books of this kind in the homes would make for the blessedness of the inmates. This one is published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 3 and 5 West Eighteenth street, New York. It can be had from L. H. Cary at 23 Grant avenue, San Francisco. The price is $1.25.—Editor.]

The Stages of Christian Communion.

"Have mercy upon me, O God."—Psalm li: 1.

"That I may know the fellowship with His sufferings."—Philippians, iii: 10.

Here are two degrees of Divine communion: its spring and its summer. The first is God's compassion for me; the second is my compassion for God. "Have mercy upon me," says the Psalmist; "Give me fellowship with Thy pain," says Paul. And ever is this the sequence of the soul's approach to God. I begin by asking His fellowship with me. It is the cry of my springtime. I have been quickened into pain by the new life within me, and I cry for an anaesthetic. I have been taught my weakness by the moment of convalescence, and I cry for a stimulant. The voice of my spirit in the springtime is ever the prayer that God will take my cross. But by-and-by summer comes, and the scene is changed. My spirit takes a leap, a bound. I pass from my cross to God's cross. I have often wondered why Paul said, "that I may know the fellowship with His sufferings," instead of "His fellowship with my sufferings." But I do not wonder any more. I have learned the difference between spring and summer. Do you not see it even in the life of home? That little girl is laying all her crosses upon the mother; she would be miserable if the mother did not bear them. But, one day, she will be miserable if the mother does bear them. One day, she will want to lift the mother's cross. One day, her deepest desire will be to have fellowship with the parent's sufferings,—to help her burden up the Dolorous Way. And, when that day comes, it will be, both for mother and child, the leafy month of June.

Jesus, I have been admitted to Thy higher class of communicants! I stood, one day, upon an eminence of the great city, and looked down. I looked upon its sins and sorrows. I saw the squalor beneath the glory,—the rags below the costly raiment.

I beheld the struggle for survival, the weariness of life, the recklessness that breeds crime; and as I beheld, I wept. And then I knew that I was bearing Thy cross. Then I knew that I was lifting that old, old burden of Thine—the burden of Jerusalem that made Thee weep. That moment I gained promotion; I passed to the upper form. Hitherto, it had been all receiving; I had never given Thee a joy; I had been the child bringing its cross to the mother. But now there are to be changed times for me,—for Thee. Tell me the secret of Thy pain; tell me the story of Thy grief! I used only to sing; "Safe in the arms of Jesus!" It is no more for me an adequate song. I cannot sleep if Thou art suffering in the Garden. Rather would I have my arms round Thee in the fellowship of pain! My springtime brought rest to the labor of my heart; but my summer glory will be when my heart shall enter into Thy labor.

Dawn at Dusk..

"I will give him the morning star."—Revelation ii : 28.

To whom is this promise given? Is it to youth? Nobody would wonder at that; youth is the time of promise. But this is a promise to the old. It is made to those who have finished their labor, as we see from verse 26, "he that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end." It is the man at the end of the day who is promised the morning star. And that is a very strange thing. We often speak of a promising boy or a promising young man. But how incongruous would it sound to hear one speak of a promising old man! It would seem like viewing the sunset and saying : "What a beautiful dawn!" Yet it is this and nothing less than this that is imaged here. The veteran who has reached the goal is promised a dawn. We could have understood how he should have been promised a golden sunset. We could have understood how there should have been accorded to him the joy of looking back upon his work and seeing that it was all very good; but to get the morning star at evening time,—to hear the lark in the place where the nightingale should be ; to listen in December to the voices of the spring, — it is the boon of perfect glory.

And yet, my soul, why should it not be thine—thine at the last! I know it has always been thine at the first; thine outgoing has been ever on the wings of the morning. But why shouldst thou not come back on the wings of the morning, too? When thou returnest from thy labor in the evening, why should there be for thee no morning star? Is it not through the hours of night that the earth itself rolls into its morning? Is there any hope like retrospective hope?—the hope that is born of memory? There is none, O my soul! Wouldst thou look confidently forward? Then must thou look steadily back. Is it not written, "He that spared not His own Son shall freely give us all things." Thy hope for tomorrow is yesterday. Nothing in the future can be done for thee greater than what has been done. Wouldst thou fan thine expectations of a coming day? I know not where thou canst kindle them so well as at the fire of the day which is gone. The wings on which thou soarest are not made of fancies, but of experiences. It is on the steps of vanquished Calvary that thou mountest the heights of Olivet. It was after the flood that the rainbow was seen. I never really hope in God till I have passed through the waters. It is across the snow that the bells of happiest prospect ring. It is through the rent shadow that I see nearest the promised land; he that overcometh shall receive the morning star.

Peter's Wish.

"But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect."—I Peter v : 10.

What a singular wish! The singular thing about it is the blot in the middle—"after ye have suffered a while." What would you think of getting the wish from a friend?—"I hope you will have sunshine, but not till after rain!" Yet this is what Peter desires for you. He forecasts for you in his heart all the gifts and graces of the Christ-life; but he asks that you may not get them without a struggle—only "after ye have suffererd awhile." Does it not come with a singularly bad grace from Peter—a man who could not wait five minutes for anything,—who saw ever the crown before the cross! Nay, my brother, that is just the explanation of the wish. He spoke from bitter experience of his own past. He had come into his kingdom too soon. He had obtained his crown before he could support its cares. His faith had been drenched in the brine; his love had been cooled in the judgment-hall; as he sat by the fire he had cried : "I know not the man!" That is why his wish becomes beautiful. He says : "I do not want you to be like me—finding the keys too soon. I do not want you to be innocents—pure because there is no cloud, calm because there is no wind, honest because there is no temptation, loyal because there is no danger. I wish yours to be the bloom of the flower—struggling from below, of the day—emerging from the night, of the man—outgrowing the child. May He who has called you to glory by the cross perfect you only 'after ye have suffered awhile!'"

Even so would we pray, O Father! There is a peace which we would not possess, because it is not the peace of Thy Son. There is a silence which is mere emptiness—the calm of the deaf; it is the stillness of vacancy. Be not that our peace, O God! We cannot know Thy stillness till it is broken. We cannot see Thy beauty till it is shaded. We cannot reap the healthy benefit of Thine air till we have shrunk from the breath of another air. We see Thee not in Thy full glory till we have met the tempter in the wilderness. Thy sun comes after rain; Thy day comes after night; Thy calm comes after the storm ; Thy music comes after discord ; Thy joy comes after pain ; Thy freedom comes after slavery; Thy life comes after death. There is no music in the silence till we have heard the roar of battle; Thine eternal glory would be too long for us if we did not first "suffer awhile."

The Christian Comfort.

"Walking in the midst of the fire."—Daniel iii : 25.

The fire did not arrest their motion ; they walked in the midst of it. It was one of the streets through which they moved to their destiny. The comfort of Christ's revelation is not that it teaches emancipation from sorrow;—every faith does that. But Christ teaches emancipation through sorrow. Did you ever ask yourself the precise difference between a prison and a tunnel. No man would hesitate for

a moment which he would rather be in. But why? Not on the ground of darkness, for the tunnel is the darker of the two. Not on the ground that the prison is a disgrace, for there have been prisons more glorious than palaces. It is because, in the prison life is arrested; in the tunnel it moves on. The cell of my confinement may be glorious, but, however glorious, I am losing time. The tunnel, on the other hand, may be dark, but, however dark, I am gaining time. I am not retarded by a moment in my mission of life; nay, I am getting a short cut to the goal. I am not merely in the valley of the shadow; I am walking, yea, running through it.

Glad me with this comfort, O my God! Teach me, when the shadows have gathered, that I am in the tunnel, not in the prison! It is not enough for me to know that it will be all right some day. Even if that day were come, the sight of this hour would be a blot to me unless it were seen to have been part of the way. They tell me I shall stand upon the peaks of Olivet—the heights of resurrection glory. But I want more, O my Father; I want Calvary to lead up to it. I want to know that the shadows of this world are the shades of an avenue—the avenue to the house of my Father. The avenue shades may be as dark as the prison shades, but the thought will make all the difference to me. Tell me my shadows come from the trees—the trees of Thy planting! Tell me they are the entrance to the many mansions of Thy palace! Tell me they stop not for an hour my chariot wheels! Tell me I am only forced to climb because Thy house is on the hill! Give me the evidence that I am ascending,—not merely toiling! Teach me that I am coming nearer by letting me hear the voices clearer—the music and the dancing less far away! I shall receive no hurt from sorrow if I shall walk in the midst of the fire.

The Soul's Rest.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matthew xi : 29.

The rest of a soul is a very peculiar thing; it is what we should call movement. The rest of a body is sleep, because its work becomes a weariness. The rest of a rolling ball is stillness, because it loses its energy as it goes. But the rest of a soul is motion, because repose is foreign to it. One of our poets has said, "The soul is dead that slumbers;" and it is true. The weariest moment of a soul is its torpor When it has nothing to think of, nothing to dream of, nothing to speak of—when all its wells are dry, and all its flowers are withered, and all its ambitions are silent—when it feels that life is beneath striving for — when it says, "The game is not worth the candle,"—that is an awful time! It is the spectacle of a restless soul, because it is the sight of a soul reposing. It is the broken wing of a bird, the lame feet of a stag, the snapped string of a violin, the lost voice of a singer. The soul imprisoned within itself finds the yoke not easy.

My soul, how shalt thou find rest? On the wings of love. It is not less but more movement that thou cravest. Not a couch more downy, but a pinion more drastic, is wanted to give thee rest. If thou wouldst not be weary, thou must mount up with wings as eagles do. Only when thou art flying art thou unfettered. Put on thy new wings, O my soul; put on thy wings of love, and soar! Soar to the joy of thy heart—the man Christ Jesus! Soar to the light of thy waking, the object of thy dreams! Soar, though thou come not up with Him today, nor tomorrow, nor, perhaps, for many morrows! Soar, though the wind be high,—though the mist be thick upon the hills! If thou shalt only rise far enough, the mist will vanish and the winds will cease, and in all thine onward way there shall be no more resistance to thy flight. Thou shalt reach thy perfect rest when thou hast attained thine unimpeded flying.

Book Reviews.

"Life of Christ for Little Children." By Mary Mein Carter. A beautiful book, this, and one which has a high purpose. It is designed for the teaching of the gospel story to the smaller children, and it is certainly well suited to that purpose. The story is told in a series of verses, which can be easily memorized. There is a verse for each letter of the alphabet, and each letter is made to stand for some person or thing mentioned in the Bible story. For example :

"B stands for the babe
And his sweet maiden mother
Who at Bethlehem's inn
Did vainly seek cover."

"D stands for the darkness
Which enveloped the world
Till the light of the gospel
Its banner unfurled."

The illustrations are from the works of the great painters. They relate to events in the life of Christ from the Annunciation to the Ascension. Thus is the truth shown both to the eye and described to the mind. Happy the little ones to whom may come this beautiful book as a Christmas gift! They will be delighted with it as the eyes look on its pages, and through the verses and the pictures they will be made acquainted with the great events in the life of Christ in such a manner that they will be held ever in memory. A few of the last pages of the book are given to brief sketches of the lives of the great artists from whose works the pictures have been taken. The book is nine and a-half by twelve inches in size, and contains 64 pages. It is a most beautiful specimen of the printer's art. The publishers are to be congratulated for it. [A. J. Holman & Co., Philadelphia.]

"A Yankee on the Yangtze." By William Edgar Geil. This is a narrative of a journey from Shanghai through the Central Kingdom to Burma. The interest of the narrative is augmented by one hundred full-page illustrations. In its every aspect the book is an inviting one, and it gives quite an insight into Chinese character and customs. Among the most interesting portions of the narrative is the account of a visit to the Viceroy Tuan Fang. Given the place of honor at the table and asked to take champagne, Mr. Geil courteously declined the drink, and, out of courtesy, that was commendable, no one at the table drank. At the time of the Boxer troubles Viceroy Tuan was governor of Shensi. "Only the Yellow river separated him from the Boxers, and it would have been natural for him to lend this movement his aid and influence, but his calmer judgment prevailed, and he steadfastly refused to countenance it. He received with great cordiality the missionaries who fled across the river from the fanatical fury of the Boxers,

and, besides furnishing them with food and traveling expenses, gave them other presents." Mr. Geil expresses the opinion that it would be beneficial to the Chinese and to ourselves if such officials who befriended the foreigners in their extremity were publicly recognized and honored by Europeans. He thinks this would do more good than the cutting off of the heads of those who were caught red-handed. During his travels, Mr. Geil had an opportunity to see what the missionary societies are doing. He says: "The missionary societies are doing a splendid work, the self-sacrifice and devotion of their representatives being beyond all praise. Never have I seen money go further in accomplishing the purpose for which it was given." He says that what he admired most in the missionaries was their sincere devotion to duty and their flexible determination to win; that none doubted the final issue and that few were discouraged. For the evangelization of Central China in the near future, he is of opinion that it is only necessary for the missionaries to take advantage of the present situation, for everywhere there is now a decided leaning toward Christianity. [H. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; pages, 312; $1.50 net. For sale by L. H. Cary, 23 Grant avenue, San Francisco.]

"The Teaching of Jesus Concerning the Scriptures." By David James Burrill, D.D., LL.D. This is another volume in the valuable series published by the American Tract Society on "The Teachings of Jesus." The series is edited by John H. Kerr, D.D., the secretary of the society. Dr. Burrill considers the antecedent presumption as to the attitude of Jesus toward the Scriptures, then his actual attitude, his specific teaching, his provision for the writing of the New Testament and his silence as to the alleged errors. The antecedent presumption is that God would reveal himself in some way; that this revelation would probably be in human form; that such an incarnation to be effective must be complemented by a Scriptural revelation, and that the Incarnate Word must be in full harmony with the Written Word. Then it is shown that Christ was not only in perfect accord with the Scriptures but that he approved invariably and absolutely in every way its truth and trustworthiness. The co-ordinate authority of the New Testament with the Old, Dr. Burrill then says, is shown by the anticipatory placed on the writings which were to be made by his inspired followers. As to the alleged errors, it is said that had there been such imperfection, Jesus must have known it, and knowing, must have declared it. Not so declaring, the conclusion is that "in his judgment the Scriptures were worthy of absolute credence as the perfect word of God." Among the acts and words of Jesus indicating that he regarded himself on an equality with God, says Dr. Burrill, is his permitting that act of divine homage when the skeptical disciple fell before him, crying, "My Lord and my God." On the subject of Prophecy, the author says: "In view of the fact that the supernatural fact is wholly eliminated from prophecy by the destructive critics, it may be well to observe that the invariable teaching of Jesus was just the reverse. He rang the changes on the word 'fulfilled' and honored the prophets whenever he mentioned them." The concluding paragraph in this comforting volume is in part as follows: "Dear book that our fathers and mothers touched with reverent hands and pressed with loving lips, thou shalt be the man of our counsel also; a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our way. In sorrow we will find thy solace through our tears, in weariness we will drink from thy crystal depths as soldiers at a wayside fountain; in weakness we will gird our loins with thine exceeding great and precious promises; and in our last journey thy living Word shall be our rod and staff to lean upon until we come to heaven's gate." [The American Tract Society, New York; pages, 211; 75 cents.]

"Bible Study Popularized." By Rev. Frank T. Lee. This is a book to be heartily commended. The author says truly: "One of the urgent needs of the time is a larger and more intelligent familiarity with the English Bible." The book aims to promote the study of it. We are told in an interesting way what the Bible is and how we came to have it in English. Then follows a chapter on the neglect of the Bible, reasons for studying it, and something as to its personal use and as to methods of study. The old-fashioned way of reading the Bible through consecutively is not regarded as the best way of reading it. The most fruitful method of study is said to be by books. "This is the foundation, indeed, and the condition of the best success in every other method." Among the methods are that by periods, the topical, the chronological or historical, and the biographical. Each of these methods is considered in detail, and many valuable suggestions are given therewith. The advantages of Biblical exposition in the pulpit are set forth; its advantages to the preacher and its benefits to the people are considered. Among the things worth quoting in this volume is this: "In order to master a book of the Bible, it must necessarily be read again and again. It is said that Dean Stanley used to read a book three separate times; first for the story, second for thought, and third for the literary style. One less familiar with the Scriptures, however, than he was, needs to read a book through more frequently than that in order to fully grasp its meaning. Most people imagine that they have not time to do this, especially to read a book through at a sitting. But it requires far less time to go through any book of the Bible than is commonly supposed. Once some Y. M. C. A. men were asked how long they thought it would take to read through the longest book of the Bible. One guessed two days. As a matter of fact, three or four hours would be sufficient. Forty-seven of the books, says Dr. W. F. Crafts, can be read through in less than an hour each, some of them in twenty minutes or less. Seventeen books of the New Testament can be read through in as many minutes each, or in less time than is usually given to the morning paper. When the epistles—which are letters to churches or individuals—were written, they were designed to be read through at a sitting, and were. What would we think of reading other letters in the haphazard, piecemeal fashion in which people usually read these letters of Paul? How much acquaintance would one gain with "Paradise Lost," with Shakspeare's plays, with Scott's novels, or Motley's histories, were he to pursue a similar course with them?" [The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago.]

Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington, will have installed soon a pipe organ costing $12,500.

THE BYSTANDER'S "CHILD IN THE CAB."

W. H. McD.

In the early church nomenclature a "bystander" was a penitent. It is not, however, in penitential mood that our own Bystander asserts, in a recent deliverance, that "after a pastor has been here (in San Francisco) for a number of years"—as the Bystander has been—"he becomes less concerned about civic affairs." For he very frankly admits that he is "not less conscientious."

But evidently the Bystander does not feel or counsel entire unconcern about his city's broader life; he would not have us political Gallios. We ought to care for these things—with due moderation of interest, perhaps—and we ought even to do something about them. We may even "kick," but we must not "kick the wrong fellows." Especially not "the administration." The city "is misgoverned," but it is not the fault of the misgovernors—"people who are foolish enough to put a child into the cab of an engine have no business to scold the child because the train is wrecked." The engine is the city, the cab is the City Hall, and of course the irresponsible child is Schmitz. The ill-fated lad has got other equally irresponsible youngsters into the cab and is driving the train to—providence and Abe Reuf only know what. But we must not scold the child. It was doubtless childly unsophistication which, for instance, led Mr. Schmitz to continue the life of the Ingleside races when a stroke of the pen would have made their quietus. How could the artless child understand the naughty things said of it? The ministers and almost every class save the sports and criminals pleaded with him to close that slippery-edged slime pit in which many of our fine young fellows, for whom the Bystander has done so much, have sunk their honor and peace and some their lives. But some of these very petitioners, perhaps, had helped to lift the child into the cab. They must not "scold the child."

"Something else must be done." What it is our kindly mentor lets us know: "The ministers should stand closer to the administration and push back the grafters." Sweeping the tide back with a broom is not more simple. Suppose, to be concrete, the Ministerial Union appoint a stalwart committee to go to the cab—the City Hall—and stand in front of his honor's door. When an evil designing grafter appears let them "push him back"—into the ash-shute or elevator shaft. It certainly seems simple. Yet it is not without its difficulties, and some may think it more practicable to lift the unschooled child out of the cab. And to do this—for the infant is lusty and has a will of Ruef's own—they may think it necessary, in order to get the needed help, to say stirring things, which may "read well in the morning papers."

The Bystander is doubtless right in implying that the average minister who preaches politics is not unmindful of the press notice and its effect on church attendance. Other ministers of finer grain may easily be tempted to see in the danger of misconstruction a sufficient reason for refraining from concerning themselves publicly in public affairs. It is one of those good reasons which must of force give place to better. And that better reason is that the broad observer must see, as Phillips Brooks saw, "in the political condition the indication of a nation's (and a city's) spiritual state." For this reason Bishop Brooks calls on us to despise the weak assertion that a minister should not preach politics." And will it always suffice to discuss public affairs impersonally? When the issues are clearly and commandingly moral—as the most of those in San Francisco are—is it not more than defensible for a minister to enkindle—"inflame," if the Bystander will—the cold civic spirit of those he reaches by referring such evils to that against which alone indignation can burn—some personal cause, if such be known? If this be Schmitz, why indict Satan?

An administration is not necessarily to be assailed because opportunities to do wrong exist; but the manifold incitements to do wrong, for which San Francisco is unhappily known, are due to limitations of executive power or a resistent public sentiment. During this week, to take the freshest instance, a huge temple of infamy had its brilliant "opening." It is responsibly asserted that this has the endorsement of Mr. Schmitz; he has, at any rate, so far as the public is informed, not aided the efforts of the police commissioners to close this and another similar place. Now such places are not primarily designed to give opportunity to the vicious, but enticement to the weak. The manhood of every average boy and young man in San Francisco is less secure for the existence of this place. Shall the ministry say nothing about it or merely "buffet the air;" or shall they strike straight for the head on which they may believe the responsibility rests? The latter is distasteful business to men of fine grain; so is much of a physician's most imperative duty. We all know with what exquisite pain Whittier shrank from the odium, the ugly personal antagonisms, the distasteful associations which his part in "inflaming" a custom-chilled public conscience, especially his scathing personalities, involved. Could Lincoln's work have been done if Whittier and kindred spirits had left theirs undone? Ought the worthier of our ministers, whose known character and good sense would give their blows the greater force, leave the uncongenial work of fighting evils incarnate to the coarser-grained? It is at least regrettable to have one of the worthiest confess his lessened concern about civic affairs much as he would a decreased interest in golf or metaphysics.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

December 2.

Topic: How to Break Bad Habits and Cultivate Good Ones.—Rom. viii: 1-15.

The power which habit exercises over us can hardly be over-estimated. In an old proverb it is a "second nature, which is sometimes strong enough to exterminate the first." Paley said that "man is a bundle of habits," and another, "All is habit in mankind, even virtue itself." This we all know, that habits develop with alarming rapidity. Beginning as gossamer threads, they quickly become as cables binding us fast; like flakes of snow they quickly gather into masses and finally into glaciers and avalanches full of power and peril. Yet habit is as true a friend to man as an enemy. There are times of pressure in every man's life when he would utterly fail but for the momentum of habit, which, when the crisis comes, like the resistless force of a balance wheel in certain machines, carries him over the fatal moment and enables him to rally for new endeavors. Habit is a great conserver of both mental and physical strength.

It roots itself in the automatic nerve system and enables a man to do things intuitively and almost mechanically which, at the beginning, required the utmost concentration, and thus permits the activities of reason and judgment to be occupied in other things.

Yet, bad habits such as those of indolence, want of care, dissipation of energy, lack of attentive thought, disintegrate the whole personality and vitiate entirely the most promising characteristics of the best-intentioned men. Like grooves in the old road-beds of buried cities, tracks of chariots six inches deep in the solid stone, evil habits cut their deep indentures in the soul which the years cannot entirely erase,—nor death itself.

Thus habit exhibits itself as a fundamental law, becoming our deepest self, and has intimately to do with all success and every failure. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that we learn how to conquer bad habits and cultivate good ones.

Like every other victory in the Christian life, the apostle Paul makes this to be won in the citadel of the heart. It is "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus that makes us free from the law of sin and death." In this matter of overcoming bad habits, it is a law that we have to deal with. Paul refers to this in the seventh chapter of Romans: "I find there a law that when I would do good evil is present with me;" and again, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members warring against the law of of my mind and bringing me in captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Here is habit pictured in the most vivid colors. Here we have inherited tendencies and acquired habits all bundled together and woven into a web that kills—the web of inexorable, and after a time, irresistible law. Now, a law can only be set aside or thwarted through the appearance and exercise of another law, and thus the lower law mastered and overcome.

This, then, is Paul's and Christianity's way of conquering a habit,—that of implanting and nourishing in the soul the law of a good life. Just as the law of the mind over-masters the law of gravitation, every time we wish to raise a book from the table, so the law of the new life in Christ Jesus over-masters the law of the old life of evil habit whenever we, by Divine Grace, overcome any inclination to do wrong. Sin intrenches itself in our habits and works in us dispositions which are evil, but grace changes our dispositions and renews our mind. So that when we would do good, not only evil is present with us, but also a re-inforcing principle of righteousness.

John B. Gough used to tell how he was thus assisted to overcome his appetite for drink. He would feel the workings of the old habit in his desires, impelled by them he would find himself automatically pushed in the direction of the saloon or the cupboard where he knew was liquor. Then he would realize the presence of the rapids and the danger of the fatal plunge and would cry out in his helplessness, "O, God, help me," when almost immediately he would find himself girded with a new strength—a desire for resisting would arise and with it that for the mastery; sometimes the conflict would be severe, but the only times he ever conquered were those when in answer to prayer this superhuman energy re-enforced his own.

Every Christian who has learned to depend on help from above knows how true to life such a narrative is. After a time the conflict grows less strenuous and by and by the evil habit relaxes its grasp and the new law has won its victory. This is what is meant by walking "not after the flesh but after the spirit." It is the constant recognition of the spirit and constant dependence upon it. This is also what is meant by being spiritually minded. The mind of Christ breaks the law of bad habit by transcending it and substituting for it a higher law.

The positive operation of this principle is similar. By constantly relieving the soul from the fatal pressure of accumulated desire it makes it open to the direct impulses of the spirit to good which in every regenerate soul are constant and active. So that after a time there arises a consciousness of new freedom. As to particular sins they "no longer have dominion over us," and as to general disposition it is inclined more and more towards the good.

How then may we break bad habits and grow good ones? By the method of constant watchfulness and continual appeal to the divine spirit for supernatural aid. It was an old-time prophet that voiced this law and principle to his age when speaking for Jehovah he said, "A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh, and I will put my spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes and ye shall keep my judgments and do them," which was but a foreshadowing of the basal truth of the evangel of Christ spoken in the night to the ruler of the Jews, "Verily, verily I say unto you, ye must be born from above."

MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS.

A Christian gentlewoman has passed to her reward. Eliza A. Wetherby was born in Walpole, N. H., and graduated from Castleton Seminary, Vt. In 1859 she married Harrison Gray Otis. They have lived in Marietta, Ohio, Washington, D. C., and Santa Barbara before coming to Los Angeles twenty-two years ago. Her literary activity began at sixteen years of age, when a poem was printed in the Congregationalist and in the New York Tribune. She often contributed to The Pacific, to which she always subscribed. She has written a strong and graphic hand in the editorial columns of the Los Angeles Times, of which General Otis has been editor, ever since coming to this city. It is rare for a wife to be able so fully to be a co-worker with her husband, supplementing his remarkable abilities with her own great talents. During these years she has played no unworthy part, developing a paper of which such a man as Dr. Abbott could say: "Outside the greatest cities, I have seen no newspaper in America that impressed me as more intelligently enterprising, clean, indefatigable, energetic, and independent."

As a mother and home-maker she was no less ideal. She always found time to make her family life as a haven of rest,—a place to which children and friends always loved to come. When "The Bivouac" was built and proved to be one of the most beautiful houses in Southern California, it was more than a beautiful residence,—it sheltered a Christian home.

In early years this talented girl gave her allegiance to Christ and united with the Congregational church. Her loyalty to her Lord through life was the secret of her beautiful character. In the First church, Los Angeles, of which she so long has been an honored

and consistent member, she was an inspiration to all.

She was one who believed in the prayer-meeting and devoted her highly-trained mind to the work of the Bible school. Her influence among the intellectual of the city can never be estimated. Whether it was for the boys of her own city or for the girls of India or China, her heart was great enough to have the wide vision of her Lord. Today a Japanese girl is being trained in Berlin that she may go back to Japan as a Christian musician because of Mrs. Otis' unobtrusive benevolence. She gave not only her money, but herself. When her death was announced in the church, a servant, who had recently joined the church, said, with tears in her eyes : "No one welcomed me so warmly after that communion service as Mrs. Otis." Her Bible was always her inspiration. In days of consuming anxiety, when her husband was in the Philippines at the head of his troops, she, who from bitter experience knew the horrors of the Civil war, found her comfort in the message of the 91st Ps.: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

The sleepless nights were ended, and she could rest in peace, because her trust was staid on Him who was Lord of hosts. The sorrowing husband and her three married daughters, with their families, received the sympathy of the entire city, because all were in her debt. All kinds of people had felt the touch of her kindly help. All felt a sense of personal loss. Her funeral, on November 15th, was one of the most remarkable ever held in Los Angeles in its spirit and because of the people who came.

Her pastor read one of her own poems, "Christ the Life," closing with these words :

"There is no death to those who, trusting, wait.
God moves us on, and unto Him we go ;
To where a larger, better life we know.
What we call death but just unlocks the gate."

No better summary of her life could be given than a sentence from the pen of her bereaved husband "She was in the best sense a wife, a companion, a friend, a co-worker, and a compatriot," and as he added in another sentence, a "woman of faith."

Church News.

Sonoma.—The Ladies' Aid gave an entertainment and bazaar recently that netted about $175.

North Berkeley.—Pastor Rathbone is rapidly winning favor in his new field in North Berkeley. The church services are all well attended and a deep and general interest manifested. It is probable that very material improvements will be made in the church property early in the new year.

Avalon.—At the last communion season, the pastor's anniversary, we had the privilege of welcoming to our fellowship a mother and three children, received by letter. We regret, however, to have to report the loss of our Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. J. H. Miller, who, with his wife and little son, has removed to the city. They will be much missed.

Sierraville.—During the more than two years of the present pastorate, many improvements have been made in the church property. The latest is the addition to the church building of an entry and belfry tower which adds very much to the appearance of the building, besides being a great convenience. Two members were received at the last communion. At Sattley, one of the out-stations of this large field, a bazaar was held recently and over one hundred dollars were cleared. A Christian Endeavor society has been organized here also. At Beckwith the ladies have long realized the need of a bell and they succeeded by means of a dinner on election day in raising the necessary money, and a bell has been ordered.

Notes and Personals.

The Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The church at Santa Rosa has extended a call to the Rev. Arthur B. Patten, of South Hadley, Mass. Mr. Patten has been acting as supply for several Sundays.

The Century Magazine stands at the head among American magazines. Many especially fine articles are promised for 1905. The attention of our readers is called to an announcement elsewhere in our columns this week.

Several weeks ago The Pacific printed a tribute to the Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass., which was from the pen of Deacon Dexter, of the First Congregational church of this city. A few days ago there came to our notice a copy of the Cambridge Tribune containing the article and making reference to its publication in The Pacific. In connection therewith was the statement that Mr. Dexter was the founder and for many years the editor of the Tribune. The first person to subscribe for the paper was the poet Longfellow, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Dexter.

The San Francisco Association will meet in Bethany church on Thursday, December 5th, at 2:30 p. m. At the afternoon session the Rev. William Rader will speak on "Changes in Congregationalism in England and America," and the Rev. S. R. Yarrow on "Object and Method of Church Discipline." Supper will be served at 6 o'clock, and this will be followed by an hour of social fellowship. In the evening Mr. Charles M. Bufford will give an address on "The Sunday-school: How Best to Increase and Maintain Regular Attendance;" and the Rev. E. J. Singer on: "Are Our Present Methods in the Sunday-schools Promoting the Spiritual Life of the Young?"

Rev. W. J. Speers is supplying at Etna for the present until a regular pastor is secured. He writes in warm terms of the church and people. The parsonage is a beautiful seven-room house, carpeted and furnished completely, with electric lights, water piped into the kitchen, woodshed full, larder well supplied with provisions and fruit—in all the most desirable parsonage he has occupied in seventeen years. The audiences crowd the church and are composed of the prominent people of the town. The number of bright young people, the capable, earnest women from the best society, and the professional and business men who identify themselves make this church a most desirable charge.

Services in recognition of the tenth anniversary of the Rev. Warren F. Day with the First

Congregational church of Los Angeles were held last Sunday. Dr. Day was pastor for six years, and then his son, the Rev. William Horace Day, was called as co-pastor. After two years in that pleasant relation, Dr. Day asked to be made pastor emeritus, the understanding being that while he should be relieved of many cares, his general work in the parish and pulpit should continue. In his remarks last Sunday, he said: "The reasons for this arrangement have richly approved themselves. I am sure that no happier pair can be found in any pulpit." In speaking of the growth of the church during the ten years, Dr. Day said: "To-day this is an almost new church. Of our present membership of more than 1,300, only 200 of those whom I found here are now on the ground. And a considerable number are to be added at the communion on next Sunday. In all, about 1,400 have been brought into our fellowship since December 1, 1894. Just one hundred of our members have died during this period. During these years we have been blessed with some noble workers. Our women have been untiring in their helpfulness; and have been with us at the front in each emergency. The little group of our young men has grown to a procession, and are today prominent in all our plans. Our Men's League has its home missionary in the field, and is getting in shape for larger work."

INSTALLATION SERVICE AT CAMPBELL.

The Congregational church at Campbell was the scene of a very pleasant and helpful occasion on Tuesday, November 22d, when Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson was installed as pastor.

About fifteen years ago a small company of men and women decided that they wished to organize a Congregational church at that place. They asked Rev. Wm. Windsor, who was on his ranch a few miles distant, if he would come and preach to them.

Dr. Windsor had come to California from a prominent work in Iowa, in poor health, with the injunction of a physician never to preach again, but he finally decided to become the leader of this little band, and for fourteen years served them faithfully and well. Certainly the church at Campbell, which now numbers 106 earnest cultured people, is evidence of wise and able leadership.

A little over a year ago Dr. Windsor, being seventy-three years old, felt that he must give up the work, and Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson was called to be the pastor. During a year of service Mr. Atkinson had, by his earnestness and ability, so won his way into the hearts of the people that they desired him to become their permanent leader.

A council was called for November 22d, and was composed of the following churches and individuals: San Rafael, Rev. W. H. Atkinson, Mrs. W. H. Atkinson; San Jose, Rev. Wm. T. Patchell, Deacon Wm. E. Hazeltine; Palo Alto, C. D. Cutting; Saratoga, Rev. C. W. Merrill, J. L. Pendleton; Redwood City, Rev. Chas. C. Kirtland; San Mateo, Rev. J. H. Kimball; individuals: Rev. Messrs. E. S. Williams, J. K. McLean, J. K. Harrison, Wm. Windsor, and C. C. Cragin.

Dr. McLean was elected moderator and Chas. C. Kirtland scribe.

After a very satisfactory examination the following program was carried out:

Introductory prayer, Rev. C. C. Cragin; Scriptural reading, Rev. J. H. Kimball; sermon, Rev. W. T. Patchell; installing prayer, Rev. W. H. Atkinson; right hand of fellowship, Rev. Chas. C. Kirtland; charge to the pastor, Rev. C. W. Merrill; charge to the people, Rev. Wm. Windsor.

We congratulate both pastor and people upon this happy union, and trust that this delightful spot in the beautiful Santa Clara valley will be the scene of a noble work for the Master in the coming year.

Chas. C. Kirtland.

A NEW CHURCH AT LEWISTON, IDAHO.

An organization to be known as the Pilgrim Congregational church was formed in Lewiston on the 20th of November. There were thirty-one charter members. Several others are to unite within a few weeks. The new church was organized under the most favorable conditions. The first work was commenced in Lewiston several months ago by Rev. A. R. Johnson, of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society, who erected a tent in which meetings were held during the summer. Several weeks ago Rev. David Reid, Congregational missionary for the Congregational churches of Washington and Northern Idaho, went to Lewiston, and a hall was secured and the active work of arranging for the organization of the church was commenced. Those interested in the work have met with the most hearty encouragement at all times, and it is expected that a church building will be erected with in a short time. Superintendent Scudder plans to be in Lewiston on Monday, December 5th, and will meet with the new church and take up the matter of securing a suitable site and the erection of a church building. The Revs. David H. Reid and A. R. Johnson co-operated in the organization of this church on the date heretofore given.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

Quarterly Meeting W. B. M. P.

The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held at Fruitvale, Wednesday, December 7th. The sessions will begin at 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Lunch will be served by the ladies of the church, the proceeds of which go to their own mission society.

L. N. Richards,
Pres. W. B. M. P.

Southern Branch.

The Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific held the annual meeting of the San Bernardino and Riverside districts in the Congregational church of Ontario, November 18th. Delegates were present from Redlands, Riverside, Highland, San Bernardino, Corona, Etiwanda and other neighboring places.

Our State president, Mrs. Williams, led the devotional exercises, reading 1 Peter v: 6-10. The leading thoughts given were very inspiring, and the necessity for making sacrifices for Christ was emphasized.

A short poem, "Only One Life," was read, and the lines—

> "Only one life. 'Twill soon be past;
> Only what's done for Jesus will last."

were often repeated.

Reports from the different auxiliaries followed. The missionary interest seemed to be well maintained

in all, and some could tell of progress made. A very stimulating paper, "God's Opportunities," by Mrs. E. Spencer, of Los Angeles, was read by Miss Harwood. It tells of the many open doors in different countries that need recruiting for the gospel and pressing the duty of entering in. We had a beautiful account from one of our members of the missionary efforts of Pandita Ramabair. Her wonderful "work of faith and labor of love" for the child widows and famine orphans of India was impressively told. This was followed by the solo, "Will there be any stars in my crown?"

It was with deep interest we listened to Miss Abbie Chapin tell of the work in China. She spoke first from those words in Romans i: 15, "I am ready to preach the gospel." In the homes where it had not been heard there was ignorance, quarreling, cruelty and wickedness in many forms. After they had become Christians the change was wonderful. A new motive influenced these people; there was kindness and consideration for others. The address brought out the truths that missionary effort was worth while when it could point to such transformed lives.

A. E. M.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The annual district meeting for San Bernardino and Riverside counties was held at Ontario, Friday, November 18th.

Nearly every auxiliary in the district sent one or more representatives. The largest delegation, numbering fifteen, came from Riverside. Under the skillful guidance of the district vice-president, Mrs. S. H. Herrick, of Riverside, a full, rich program was promptly carried out between 10 and 12 o'clock a. m.

Several officers of the Southern California Woman's Home Missionary Union were present and gave short talks in regard to the work of their respective departments.

Mrs. E. M. Pease spoke of the purpose of the Cradle Roll Department, and explained the best methods for organizing and carrying on a Cradle Roll in connection with each auxiliary.

Mrs. E. K. Holden, superintendent of Children's Work, referred especially to the importance of giving missionary instruction to the many children in our Sunday-schools who never receive such instruction in their homes or elsewhere. The plan of having a short missionary address once a month was recommended.

Mrs. E. C. Norton, superintendent of Young People's Work, conducted a question box, answering many questions in regard to methods for securing interesting meetings and doing successful work generally among young people.

Mrs. D. H. Coland, superintendent of Literature, referred to a Home Missionary chest as a desirable thing for each auxiliary to possess.

In this should be kept, for handy reference, the latest reports of all the homeland societies, the recent numbers of their magazines, a scrap-book for clippings from The Pacific and other papers, and various new, helpful books, such as "Leavening the Nation "Heroes of the Cross in America," "The Incoming Multitudes," and "Spanish-speaking Americans."

Mrs. Geo. Robertson, State president, brought a hopeful, helpful message of encouragement for those who are not weary in well-doing.

Rev. J. L. Maile gave much valuable information in regard to home missionary affairs in the State and in the nation.

The last address of the morning was by Rev. R. C. Larkin. The ladies considered it a great privilege to listen to his clear, forceful presentation of his impressions of the meeting of the National Council. C.

Oregon Letter

By George H. Himes.

About two years ago a young lady desired to unite with the First church of this city on confession of faith. In her examination before the presidential committee she said she lived a good distance away from any town, that there was no church near by, therefore, desiring to have a church home somewhere, even though she could not attend the services, she felt impelled to ask for the privilege of becoming a member of this church. A year later Dr. House received a check of $12, with a letter of inquiry about the church and its work. A few days ago a second check for a like sum was received and also a letter of inquiry about the church. This instance is a notable one in that it shows the sense of love and duty resting upon the person referred to respecting the vow she took when she became a member. During the two years it has not been possible for her to be present at a single service, yet her sense of responsibility as a member has led her to make the offerings referred to, thus showing her vital interest in the progress of the church. Such an example is worthy of frequent repetition, and ought to be the rule instead of the exceedingly rare exception; and furthermore it is an occasion of thankfulness on the part of the pastor and people, and is an indication that all absentees are not dead weights.

At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon a large union meeting of Christian workers of all denominations was held in the First Congregational church and was addressed by Rev. J. P. Calhoun, D.D., of Pittsburg. He is the pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in that city, and has had a most wide experience in evangelistic work. His church has given him leave of absence for a year to engage in it in connection with Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. He will begin the preliminary work here, and will be followed by Dr. Chapman in a few days.

This leads me to recount briefly some recollections of the first general revival of religion ever occurring in this city. Early in October, 1866, Rev. George H. Atkinson, then pastor of the First Congregational church, called upon Rev. C. C. Stratton, then pastor of the First (Taylor street) Methodist Episcopal church, and stated that he had much faith in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and asked him to join with him in continued petitions, and they joined in prayer daily, alternately in each other's study. They were the only pastors in the city at the time able to do active work, the pastor of the First Presbterian church, Rev. Philip S. Caffrey, being in very poor health, and the Baptist church, whose house of worship was then on the corner of Fourth and Alder streets, having no pastor. In a few days the desires of these ministers were conveyed to some of the laymen of all the Protestant churches—there being only four, as above alluded to, aside from the Episcopal church—and it was agreed that daily noon prayer

meetings be held in the First Baptist church, that being down town and most convenient. Then request was made of the school authorities, and meetings were permitted in the schools of the city for an hour after the schools closed each day. As a result of these efforts, one hundred and twenty-five young persons united with the Methodist church, and there were a goodly number of accessions to the other churches. The meetings continued in the schools about a month. Then some of the Catholics and a number of persons who were not connected with any church objected to religious services in the schools, hence they were discontinued. The meetings continued with unabated interest until some time late in December, or early in January, 1867. Rev. A. B. Earle, a noted Baptist Evangelist of Massachusetts, came to the coast, and held a ceries of meetings in San Francisco. Some of the Portland laymen who were going to San Francisco were prevailed upon to endeavor to perfectt a plan whereby Mr. Earle would consent to visit Oregon before returning eastward. This effort was successful, and Mr. Earle came early in February. The capacity of the Baptist church was outgrown, and the daily meetings, at noon and evening, were held in the First Presbyterian church, then on the corner of Third and Washington streets, and the Sunday meetings were held in the Courthouse. Mr. Earle preached almost twice daily during the month of February, with great power, and, in addition, there were afternoon prayer and conference meetings. The religious awakening was most profound, and during no evangelistic efforts since--and there have been many—among them Munhall, Moody and Mills—has there been a deeper and more permanent work accomplished than that now alluded to.

It certainly is the prayer of every Christian that the work now undertaken, which has been unitedly in the thoughts of the pastors of the city for many months, will result in a great good to this city and the surrounding country.

At the re-dedication of the Albany church recently, Dr. House preached the sermon. The necessary $400 was raised or pledged to pay all demands for the new improvements, amounting, all told, to $1,500.

The Forest Grove church is well along in construction, and will be ready to occupy by the first of March, and perhaps a little before. It will be a very handsome and commodious structure, complete in all appointments for church services, social meetings, pastor's study, Sunday-school room and class rooms, choir rooms, heating, etc.

The brethren of the Presbyterian churches of the city, particularly the First Presbyterian church, are to be congratulated upon the result of a persistent effort for a number of years to erect a "Men's Resort" right in the heart of the district usually termed "tenderloin," or "white chapel." The building cost $15,000, and stands upon a lot given for the purpose by the Ladd family.

The first floor contains a large auditorium, a large reading room, and a game room. Ample provision is made for a woman's department and a kindergarten also in the east end of the second floor, while the boys' gymnasium room, shower baths and lockers are in the west end. A kitchen is located between the two departments. The building is provided with steam heat and commodious lavatories, also, in the basement.

This building marks a new departure in Christian effort in this city, and will, to some extent, at least, supply the demand often referred to for a place of worship where the "common people" can assemble without feeling that they are intruders.

Portland, Nov. 28, 1904.

THE BOYCOTT BLIGHT.

The decision of Judge Hunt of this city some weeks ago, declaring the boycott unlawful, has been followed by another from Judge Hebbard of equal significance. We have contended from the first that no civilized community can afford to promote that form of personal vengeance. In all civil society the grievances of the individual are left to the delegated agent of society for adjustment, that is, the officers. Of course, if one person is allowed to take his case in his own hands, then every other person has the same right. It would result very speedily in anarchy. The boycott is incipient anarchy. This country is founded upon personal freedom, but personal rights end where the rights of another begins. San Francisco has been greatly injured by the reign of terror which has been in eruption from time to time for over twenty years. It first broke out under the leadership of that prince of blatherskites, Dennis Kearney. Through one of those anomolous and reactionary movements in municipal affairs it has vaulted into the seat of power. Today San Francisco is dominated and terrorized by the saloon and the gambling gang. To the great credit of the working men tolerable conditions have prevailed in the labor market. It must have occurred to the labor unions that the boycott was and is the chief cause of an alienation of public sentiment from the reasonable consideration of their cause. It is therefore greatly to the advantage of the workingmen and to the credit of the city that these sandwich boycotters are driven permanently from the streets.—California Christian Advocate.

The "San Francisco Chronicle" says: "California has this year profound cause to be thankful. Few Thanksgiving days have dawned on the State when its condition was more prosperous or promising. The land has been visited with abundant seasonable rains and its hills and valleys are clothed with verdure on which flocks and herds are fattening, while the mellowed soil yields freely to the plowshare and the song of the sower is full of hopefulness over the bright prospects of harvesting abundant crops of all sorts during the coming year. The booming of the mountain streams and the steady clatter of the quartz mills in every mining district on the flanks of the Sierra give those who delve in the earth for its treasures similar cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving, while the humming of every wheel in other industries adds to the general melody of thankfulness."

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Sunday-School Lesson.

Edwin Francis Brown.

Lesson XI. December 11th.

CAPTIVITY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

(II Kings xvii: 6-18.)

Golden Text.—"The face of the Lord is against them that do evil" (I Peter iii: 12).

Daily Home Readings.

M. Captivity of the Ten Tribes (II Kings xvii: 1-12).
T. Captivity of the Ten Tribes (II Kings xvii: 13-23).
W. Solemn Warning (Deut. xxx: 11-20).
T. Judgments (Isa. ix: 8-17).
F. Result of Disobedience (Prov. i: 20-33).
S. A Greater Sin (Heb. x: 23-31).
S. "Except Ye Repent" (Luke xxiii: 1-10).

Introductory.

During the two hundred and fifteen years of Israel's existence as a nation, there was but one king who did not do evil in the sight of the Lord. And inasmuch as Ghallum reigned only a month it can be said that from Jeroboam down to Hoshea the reign of idolatry was practically unbroken. The form of heathen worship established by the first king was perpetuated and extended until it resulted in the nation's overthrow.

Expository.

Hoshea had formed a secret alliance with So, king of Egypt, in order to unitedly resist the continued invasion of the Assyrian host. When Shalmaneser IV, the king of Assyria, reached the territory of Israel and discovered treachery on Hoshea's part, he captured the king and held him in prison. After a several years' siege of Samaria, the Assyrian monarch took the capital of Israel, and carried into captivity the entire nation (v. 6), transplanting it in Mesopotamia and Media.

There is no more melancholy chapter in the history of nations than that which deals with the downfall of Israel and Judah. The cause is plainly stated —"They sinned against the Lord their God." Israel was first to go into captivity, because her guilt was greater. The disintegration of the southern kingdom took place about one hundred and thirty-five years later. Idolatry had characterized the life of the northern nation from its very beginning. In fact, the people never did overcome the effects of the establishment of the gods at Dan and Bethel, the work of Jeroboam. Each succeeding king had contributed something to the sum total of heathen practices, until the abomination became intolerable in the sight of Jehovah. During the period of her greatest material prosperity the nation's moral standards were the lowest.

And what was worst of all was the fact that Israel was without excuse. Her knowledge of Jehovah's dealings, when he delivered her from Egyptian bondage and subsequently made it possible to overcome all the enemies and obstacles of Canaan, should have been sufficient inspiration and encouragement to walk only in the paths of righteousness and obedience (vs. 7 and 8). Moreover, from time to time, Jehovah's prophets had appeared, warning, exhorting, and beseeching the people to forsake their evil ways. But the prophets had been killed or thrown into dungeons, while the idolatrous practice had continued.

Suggestive.

1. Israel's sin was not only idolatry, but ingratitude.
2. Willful and persistent impenitence is sure to bring disaster.
3. The captivity of Israel was the beginning of the final dispersion which has led to so much speculation on the part of historians and ethnologists. The "Ten Lost Tribes" has been a theme full of historic interest.

DR. UPHAM AND UNITARIANISM.

Doctor Upham's power was in the pulpit. He was a clear-headed, scholarly man, and an able teacher, but he was, above all, a preacher of the gospel. The pulpit was his throne. In the pulpit he did not aim to be philosophical, or oratorical, or learned, but he did profess to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified. This was the burden of all his messages. They glowed with the fire of the gospel. He believed in sin as a fearful and universal reality, and in the atonement as the only and all-sufficient remedy for sin. His texts and themes were all found in the Bible, and his discourses were always sermons, not lectures. With a warm heart, earnest manner, and what the fathers called "unction," he preached the gospel, and the people of all classes heard him gladly. That is a kind of preaching which never wears out; the hungry multitudes wait for it, and feed on it.

Holding these views and having come much in contact with New England rationalism and Unitarianism, it is not strange that he placed the emphasis where he did—on the atonement. He never lost an opportunity to antagonize these heresies by exalting the divinity of Christ and the vicarious nature of the atonement. He never concealed the fact that Unitarianism was his particular antipathy, and that he loved to antagonize it with the evangelical doctrines of the gospel. He may very properly be set down as a model New Testament preacher after the true Methodist type; and that he was one of the most popular and successful ministers in the church shows that the gospel is, after all, the one enduring theme of the pulpit.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

The source of strength in any life must be God. It is only when we are co-workers with him that we are unconquerable. If we would be strong, therefore, able to resist sin, able to do valliant battle for the truth, able to touch other lives with healing, uplifting influences, we must abide in Christ. Then his strength shall be in our heart and in our arm.

It is told of General Gordon, that each morning, during his journey in the Soudan country, for half an hour there lay outside his tent a white handkerchief. The whole camp knew well what it meant, and looked upon the little signal with the utmost respect; no foot dared cross the threshold of that tent while the little guard lay there. No message, however pressing, was to be delivered. Matters of life and death must wait until the white signal was taken away. Everybody in the camp knew that God and Gordon were communing together. Sweet is the communion of the spirit that obtains nearness to its God. Powerful is the influence of the soul that hourly longs to draw near to its God and drink in the inspiring draughts of his presence.

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

—J. R. Miller.

Our Mistakes.

One of the experiences that is probably common to most of us is to look back over a period of five or ten years and wonder how we could have been so foolish as to do things and say things on certain occasions which we too keenly remember. Today, as we recall the circumstances, we bitterly reproach ourselves that we could have been so fatuous and shortsighted. But probably five or ten years hence we shall look back upon these periods with much the same feeling. We are going to do foolish things to the end of the chapter. By divine grace one may largely overcome sinful tendencies, but there seems to be no help for unwisdom and poor judgment and inability to adjust one's self to circumstances but the bitter discipline of experience. There is one ray of light, however, upon this course of reflection, and that is the fact that we recognize our reason for believing that we are improving. We have got our eyes opened to some things; and though we shall probably make mistakes in the future just as in the past, they will not be the same ones. And then, too, we should not blame ourselves too severely for these errors. In the nature of the case there were things when we made these mistakes that we could not know as we do now. The man who is standing on the mountain top and sees the path winding up should be charitable to the man down in the valley who is losing his way in the thickets. We need to cultivate charity for our own mistakes.—The Watchman.

Boys Who May Be Kings.

Little Prince Edward of York, who, if he lives, will one day be Edward VIII, of Great Britain and Ireland, is not allowed to know that one day he will be a king. He has recently been told about Charles I, and said: "How miserable it must be to be a king. I mean to be a doctor."

As he grows older, he will learn that, because of his high destiny, he must work harder, study more, and play less than other boys of his age. Should he refuse to study and grow up in ignorance of things he should know, he would soon learn that his people would no longer permit him to rule.

Another little fellow who may also sit upon a throne some day is a cousin of Prince Edward. This is Prince George of Sparta, heir to the throne of Greece. His inheritance is not so great, but it, too, carries with it many responsibilities.

The duke of Braganza, the oldest son of the king of Portugal, is the heir to the throne. He is a bright, active youngster, but as his kingdom is not a very important one, he may not become much of a power in European politics.

Another boy who will inherit a throne is little Boris, crown prince of Bulgaria. His future subjects are a race of hardy mountaineers, turbulent and hard to control. He will require much wisdom to keep them in check, and will probably be kept so busy at home that he will have little opportunity of interfering with the affairs of other nations.

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